Enter Queene, Lord *Riuers and Gray.*

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, there's no doubt his Maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If hee were dead what would betide of mee ?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To bee your comforter when hee is gone.
Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Richard Gloucester,*
A man that loues not mee, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protector ?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby.*
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby.*
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen :
Yet *Darby,* notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not mee, bee you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.
Dar. I beseech you eyther not beleeue,
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby* ?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiesty.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords ?
Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make at onement
Betwixt the Duke of *Gloucester* and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine.*

And

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer bee.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester,*
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaine vnto the King ?
That I forsooth am sterne, loue them not :
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumours :
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue and cog,
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must bee held a rankerous enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme
But thus in simple truth must bee abusde
By silken slie insinuating Iackes ?
Ri. To whome in this presence speake your grace.
Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.
When haue I iniured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction ?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)
Cannot bee quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of *Gloucester*, you mistake the matter ;
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe .
Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That *wrens* way prey where *eagles* dare not pearch;
Since euery iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a iacke.
Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster.*
You enuy mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant wee neuer may haue neede of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that wee haue neede of you

Our